WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 12 June 2025
1.00pm

Wigmore French Song Exchange

Bizet & Ravel 1875 – A Cornerstone for French Music

Bethan Terry soprano
Ellen Pearson mezzo-soprano
Harun Tekin tenor
Anton Kirchhoff baritone
Anna Giorgi piano
Francesca Lauri piano
Jia Ning Ng piano

HARUN TEKIN AND JIA NING NG

Charlotte Sohy (1887-1955)	Joie (1922)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	Elégie (1874)
Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)	Sommation irrespectueuse (1880)
Jules Massenet (1842-1912)	Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne from *Poëme d'amour* (1878-80)

ELLEN PEARSON AND FRANCESCA LAURI

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6) *Chanson de la mariée • Là-bas, vers l'église • Quel galant m'est comparable • Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques • Tout gai!*
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)	Tarantelle from *Vingt mélodies* Op. 21 (1873)

HARUN TEKIN, ELLEN PEARSON AND JIA NING NG

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	La Fuite (1871)

ANTON KIRCHHOFF AND FRANCESCA LAURI

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	La vague et la cloche (1871)
	Lamento (1883-?5)
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)	From *Vingt mélodies* Op. 21 (1873) Chant d'amour • Ma vie a son secret

BETHAN TERRY AND ANNA GIORGI

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	Vocalise-étude en forme de habanera (1907)
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)	Douce mer from *Vingt mélodies* Op. 21 (1873)
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)	L'heure exquise from *Chansons grises* (1887-90)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	L'invitation au voyage (1870)

HARUN TEKIN, BETHAN TERRY AND ANNA GIORGI

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)	La fuite (1872)

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The fifth year of the Wigmore French Song Exchange returns with three recitals: two Wigmore Hall lunchtimes and a performance in Paris. Devised by **Dame Felicity Lott** and **François Le Roux**, two great champions of the *mélodie*, alongside **Sebastian Wybrew**, the programme offers gifted singers and pianists a year of coaching from their mentors, culminating in showcase performances.

> 'We wanted to share our love of French song with a new generation of singers. Come and hear beautiful young voices in this rich and varied repertoire, with well-known and lesser-known songs. I hope that – like us – you will make some great discoveries!'

Bizet & Ravel 1875 – A Cornerstone for French Music

In 1875, Bizet died a few weeks after his operatic masterpiece *Carmen* was premièred at the Paris Opéra-Comique, and Ravel was born at the border of Spain in the French Basque country. The Wigmore French Song Exchange celebrates this 150th anniversary with young singers and pianists exploring Bizet's and Ravel's musical worlds through their songs.

Bizet has been favouring women's voices all the way through his short but rich melodic output of around 60 songs. Having loved his stay in Rome, as a winner of the *Prix de Rome*, his songs are marked by romanticism (with poems by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Musset and Gautier) and a *bel canto* style loved by singers. As a pianist, he was said to be the best of his generation by his peers Saint-Saëns and Gounod.

Maurice Ravel has composed around 50 songs, and all were occasions for him to explore new poetic and fantastic worlds, from ancient poets such as Marot and Parny to his contemporaries Klingsor and Fargue. A magician of many tools, he has shown a remarkable eclecticism in his inspiration.

The second lunchtime concert in the series continues our inquest into Bizet and Ravel, featuring unknown gems – some receiving their first performance at Wigmore Hall. The scheme, which now includes both singers and pianists, aims to explore every layer of French song – from the enchanting voice to the mystifying accompaniment. We hope that young talents and members of the public will experience two wonderful and lesser-known territories of French *mélodies*, thanks to this double celebration!

Bethan Terry soprano

Bethan Terry is a lyric-coloratura soprano based in London, with Yorkshire roots. Bethan's professional engagements range from full-scale operas to intimate recitals. Most recently, Bethan made her debut in the role of Rosalinde in Merry Opera's 2025 tour of *Die Fledermaus*. She was also delighted to have been invited back for Clonter Opera's 50th Anniversary Gala Celebration. In July, she made her debut in the role of Belinda in Somerset Opera's innovative production of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. Other highlights from the past year include Haydn's *Nelson Mass* and Bach's *Magnificat* in the iconic Ely Cathedral as well as a public Young Artist Audition Recital in Trinity College as part of the Oxford Lieder Festival.

Ellen Pearson mezzo-soprano

Ellen Pearson is a mezzo-soprano from Kent. She recently graduated with a Masters of Music degree with Distinction from the Royal College of Music, under the tutelage of Alison Wells. Ellen is currently a Jette Parker Artist with the Royal Ballet and Opera (2025-27), an Opera Prelude Artist, an artist on the Wigmore Hall French Song Exchange programme, an Oxford International Song Young Artist (2024-26), a Samling Artist, a Shipston Song Rising Star as well as a Britten Pears Young Artist. Ellen was recently awarded the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize at the Kathleen Ferrier Awards. Other recent awards include the Nigel Beale First Prize and the Anthony Lowrey Audience Prize at the Hurn Court Opera Singer of the Year, as well as both the First Prize and Best Duo Prize at the Ashburnham English Song Competition with one of her duo partners, Archie Bonham.

Harun Tekin tenor

Harun Tekin is an English/Turkish tenor, raised around a family-owned restaurant in rural Lincolnshire. His love for music began through film, TV and folk traditions, nurtured by a primary school teacher (the composer Peter Seaborne) who imbued him with a sense of wonder for the subject, eventually introducing him to singing. A scholar at the Guildhall School, Harun completes his studies this year and will begin studying opera at the Curtis Institute of Music come September. His roles encompass works by Rossini, Donizetti, Mozart, Bizet and more. In May/June, he performed Bénédict in *Le Timbre d'argent* (NSO), and this summer joins Buxton Festival for Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti* (trio) and Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* (chorus).

Anton Kirchhoff baritone

Anton Kirchhoff is a lyrical baritone from Germany with extensive experience in art song, opera and contemporary music. In November 2020, he embarked on a collaborative venture with pianist Jou-an Chen. Together, they have performed on stages in Germany, France, Switzerland, the USA and the United Kingdom. Most recently, they were heard as Young Artists at the Song Studio of Carnegie Hall in New York. Furthermore, this season, Anton made his debut at the Wigmore Hall in London and gave his first performances with Concerto Köln at the St Maria Maggiore in Rome as well as in the Cologne Cathedral. Anton is currently studying on the MA programme at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Anna Giorgi piano

Anna Giorgi performs regularly as a soloist and chamber musician in prestigious venues and collaborates with numerous singers. Aware of the links between music and poetry, she studied vocal accompaniment in Paris with Anne le Bozec and in Vienna with Charles Spencer, and has had masterclass coaching with Susan Manoff, Jeff Cohen, Hartmut Höll and Mathieu Pordoy. For the 2024-25 season, Anna Giorgi took part in the Jaroussky Academy in order to work with the pianist Cédric Tiberghien and has recorded a disc of French *mélodies* with soprano Parveen Savart on the Initiale label, which will be released in September.

Francesca Lauri piano

Francesca Lauri is a collaborative pianist specialising in the vocal repertoire of song and opera. She won the Help Musicians Accompanist's Prize at the Kathleen Ferrier Awards and the collaborative piano prizes at the Royal Over-Seas League, AESS Dorothy Richardson English Song Prize, John Kerr, and the Somerset Song Prize. She has been a Britten Pears, Oxford Song, Samling, Shipston Song and Leeds Song Young Artist. Francesca studied collaborative piano masters at RCM with Simon Lepper, Roger Vignoles and Kathron Sturrock where she won the Lieder, Lies Askonas and Joan Chissell Schumann prizes, and graduated with Honours. She is the current Lord and Lady Lurgan piano fellow for the RCM vocal department.

Jia Ning Ng piano

Singaporean pianist Jia Ning Ng is a concert and collaborative pianist based in Glasgow, where she is Staff Accompanist at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. A First Class Honours graduate of the Conservatoire, she has performed across the UK, in Europe and with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra as both soloist as well as orchestral pianist. She is a recipient of the Global Talent Visa endorsed by Arts Council England and has won numerous competition prizes. An avid collaborative pianist, she is part of the Wigmore Hall French Song Exchange, and an alumnus of both Oxford Song and Leeds Song festivals. She performs regularly with soprano Karla Grant. She also enjoys making bubble tea in her free time!

Harun Tekin
Jia Ning Ng

Charlotte Sohy (1887-1955)

Joie (1922)
Charlotte Marie Lousie Durey

Joy

Par la fenêtre ouverte,
entre le clair soleil du matin;
Toute la terre vibre et sourit au jour.
Et dans mon âme avec le retour de la lumière est revenue la joie.
Ah!
Mais qu'avais-tu mon âme cette nuit?
L'angoisse de l'ombre t'oppressait et tous les soucis
Et toutes les douleurs semblaient
T'accabler, sans merci;
la vie te paraissait pesante.
Et voici qu'il a suffi d'un rayon de soleil pour t'inonder d'une joie nouvelle.
Ah!
C'est que Dieu aime la joie et nous envoie un peu de celle du Ciel.
Ô mon âme, ne te laisse plus attrister et n'oublie jamais
Que la douleur humaine est brève,
Puisqu'au bout du chemin de la vie il y a la douce mort amie
Qui nous ouvre en souriant les portes de la joie éternelle.
Ah!

Through the open window the bright morning sun enters;
all earth vibrates and smiles at the day.
And with the return of light joy has returned to my soul.
Ah!
But what was wrong last night, my soul?
Fear of the dark oppressed you, and all your worries
and all your suffering seemed
to overwhelm you, mercilessly; life seemed to weigh you down.
And look – a ray of sun was enough to inundate you with new joy.
Ah!
It's because God loves joy and sends us a little of Heaven's.
O my soul, be sad no more and never forget
that human suffering does not last long,
since at the end of life there is sweet friendly death
who smilingly opens for us the gates of eternal joy.
Ah!

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Elégie (1874)
Ellie Mac Swiney

Elegy

Oh ! ne murmurez pas son nom ! Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre,
Où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille.
Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes,
Comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte la gazon;

Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle pleure en silence,
Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche
Et nos larmes, en secret répandues,
Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et verte dans nos cœurs.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Sommation irrespectueuse (1880)
Victor Hugo

Irreverent Demand

Rire étant si jolie,
C'est mal. Ô trahison!
D'inspirer la folie,
En gardant la raison!

Rire étant si charmante!
C'est coupable, à côté
Des rêves qu'on augmente
Par son trop de beauté.

Une chose peut-être
Qui va vous étonner,
C'est qu'à votre fenêtre
Le vent vient frissonner.

Qu'avril commence à luire,
Que la mer s'aplanit,
Et que cela veut dire:
Fauvette, fais ton nid.

Belle aux chansons naïves,
J'admets peu qu'on ait droit
Aux prunelles très vives,
Ayant le coeur très froid.

Quand on est si bien faite,
On devrait se cacher.
Un amant qu'on rejette,
À quoi bon l'ébaucher?

Laughter, from such a pretty face,
Is wrongful. Sheer treason—
To drive one to insanity,
Whilst clinging on to reason!

Laughter, from sucha charming soul,
Is criminal, beside
Those dreams that are fuelled
By her beauty, to excess applied.

One thing perhaps
That you may find surprising
Is the shiver of the wind
At your windows rising.

April beams, and all the rest,
The waning of sea waves,
all saying
Little birdy, build thy nest.

Sweet songstress of such simple song
How can you have the right
To own a heart so cold
When those eyes are burning bright?

A beauty so well honed
Should surely stay in hiding.
A lover lost and missed
What point is there exciting?

On se lasse, ô coquette,
D'être toujours tremblant,
Vous êtes la raquette,
Et je suis le volant.

Le coq battant de l'aile,
Maître en son pachalick,
Nous prévient qu'une belle
Est un danger public.

Il a raison.
J'estime
Qu'en leur gloire isolés,
Deux beaux yeux sont un
crime,
Allumez, mais
brûlez.

Craindre ceux qu'on
captive!
Nous fuir et nous
lier!
Être la sensitive
Et le mancenillier!

C'est trop. Aimez, madame.
Quoi donc? quoi! mon souhait
Où j'ai tout mis, mon âme
Et mes rêves, me hait!

L'amour nous vise.
Certe,
Notre effroi peut crier,
Mais rien ne
déconcerte
Cet arbalétrier.

Sachez donc, ô
rebelle,
Que souvent, trop vainqueur,
Le regard d'une
belle
Ricoche sur son coeur.

Vous pouvez être sûre
Qu'un jour vous vous
ferez
Vous-même une blessure
Que vous
adorerez.

Vous connaîtrez l'extase
Voisine du péché,
Et que l'âme est un vase
Toujours un peu penché.

Vous saurez,
attendrie,
Le charme de
l'instant

It's tiring, my coquette,
To be always atrembling.
As if you were the racquet
And I the ball resembling.

The waning weathercock,
Master of his domain,
Signals the public danger
A beauty will e'er remain.

How right he is! I really do
believe
That in their glory isolate
Two gorgeous eyes are
tantamount to crime.
Lending their flame, yet
burning all the time.

To fear those you hold
captive!
To bind you yet keep your
distance
And then in your fragility
Display oaken resistence.

It's all too much.
My lady, love, Love what?
Invested in a dream
That's turned to hatred.

For sure we are the target
of the arrows.
Our screams of fear may
Cut the air, but the
crossbowman of love
Will not deter.

Beware, though! All too
often in the heat
Of victory easily won,
The gaze's dart many
ricochet
And pierce the rebel heart.

Of this you may be sure
One day you'll be the
victim of a nasty
Self -infliction. Who knows?
That may just be your
predilection.

Sin's neighbour, ecstasy
You'll come to know.
In truth, the soul's a vase
That's tilted low.

And then in tenderness
you'll reel.
That awesome moment's
charms you'll feel.

Terrible, où l'on
s'écrie:
Ah! vous m'en direz
tant!

Vous saurez, vous qu'on
gâte,
Le destin tel qu'il
est,
Les pleurs, l'ombre, et la
hâte
De cacher un
billet.

Oui, —pourquoi tant
remettre?
—Vous sentirez, qui sait?
La douceur d'une lettre
Que tiédit le corset.

Vous riez! Votre
joie
À Tout préfère Rien.
En vain l'aube rougeoie,
En vain l'air chante. Eh
bien,

Je ris aussi! Tout
passe.
Ô muse, allons-nous
en.
J'aperçois l'humble
grâce d'un toit de paysan;

L'arbre, libre volière,
Est plein d'heureuses voix;
Dans les pousses du
lierre
Le chevreau fait son
choix;

Et, jouant sous les
treilles,
Un petit villageois
A pour pendant
d'oreilles
Deux cerises des
bois.

Ah shout, a scream,
before to me
The secret details you'll
reveal.

Spoiled rotten, you will
realise
Your destiny laid bare
and true.
The tears, darkness and
haste
With which you hide a
billet doux:

Why, yes—there's no
need to conceal
—A letter's warmth—
Who knows?—you'll feel
Beneath your underclothes.

You laugh. Your glee
exchanges
All for Nought.
In vain the dawn bursts red
In vain the air a song has
wrought.

Ah well, I'm laughing too.
All things must pass.
Oh muse, let's make a
getaway. Look, over there,
a farmer's roof: What
humble grave it doth
display.

That tree, unguarded aviary
Is filled with cheerful voices;
Among the sprouting ivy
beds
A young goat makes its
choices.

At play beneath a
climbing vine
A village boy is stood.
He's wearing makeshift
earrings
Made from cherries in the
wood.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne from *Poëme d'amour*

(1878-80)
Paul Robiquet

Open your blue eyes, my darling

Lui

Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne:
Voici le jour!
Déjà la fauvette fredonne
Un chant d'amour.
L'aurore épanuit la rose:
Viens avec moi
Cueillir la marguerite éclose.
Réveille-toi! Réveille-toi!
Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne:
Voici le jour! ...

He

Open your blue eyes, my darling:
The day has come!
Already the warbling bird sings
A song of love.
The dawn brings forth the rose:
Come with me
To pick the blossoming daisy.
Awake! Awake!
Open your blue eyes, my darling:
The day has come!

Elle

A quoi bon contempler la terre
Et sa beauté?
L'amour est un plus doux mystère
Qu'un jour d'été;
C'est en moi que l'oiseau module
Un chant vainqueur,
Et le grand soleil qui nous brûle
Est dans mon cœur!

She

What good is it to contemplate the earth
And its beauty?
Love is more a sweet mystery
Than a summer day;
It is in myself that the bird is singing
His triumphant song,
And the great, burning sun
Is in my heart!

Ellen Pearson
Francesca Lauri

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)

Traditional, trans. Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne.
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé.
Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or que je t'apporte
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier:
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés.

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
spread your wings to the morning.
Three beauty spots – and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
to tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidero,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église, Ayio Constanndino
Se sont réunis, rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte!
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
by the church of Saint Sideros,
the church, O Holy Virgin,
the church of Saint Constantine,
are gathered together, in infinite numbers,
the bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
the bravest people in the world!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me
among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
pistols and sharp sword...
and it's you I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur.
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux,
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas, tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart, treasure so dear to me;
joy of the soul and of the heart,
you whom I love with passion,
you are more beautiful than an angel.
O when you appear, angel so sweet,
before our eyes,
like a lovely, blond angel
under the bright sun –
alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

Tout gai,
Ha, tout gai;
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse,
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse.
Tra-la-la.

So merry!

So merry,
ah, so merry;
lovely leg, tireli, that dances,
lovely leg, the crockery dances,
tra la la.

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Tarantelle from *Vingt mélodies* Op. 21 (1873)

Édouard Pailleron

Tarantella

Le papillon s'est envolé,
La fleur se balance avec grâce.
Ma belle, ou voyez-vous la trace,
La trace de l'amant ailé?
Ah! Le papillon s'est envolé!

The butterfly has flown away,
The flower sways gracefully.
Where, my sweet, do you see
The trace of your winged lover?
Ah! The butterfly has flown away!

Le flot est rapide et changeant,
Toujours sillonnant l'eau profonde.
La barque passe, et toujours l'onde
Efface le sillon d'argent.

The waves are swift and changing,
Always furrowing the deep waters.
The boat passes by, and still the waves
Efface the silver wake.

Le papillon, c'est votre amour.
La fleur et l'onde, c'est votre âme
Que rien n'émeut, que rien n'entame,
Où rien ne reste plus d'un jour.
Le papillon c'est votre amour.

The butterfly is your love,
The flower and wave are your heart,
Which nothing can move nor penetrate,
Where nothing remains for more than a day.
The butterfly is your love.

Ma belle, où voyez-vous la trace,
La trace de l'amant ailé?
La fleur se balance avec grâce...
Le papillon s'est envolé!

Where, my sweet, do you see
The trace of your winged lover?
The flower sways gracefully...
The butterfly has flown away!

Harun Tekin
Ellen Pearson
Jia Ning Ng

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La Fuite (1871)

Théophile Gautier

Escape

KADIDJA
Au firmament sans étoile,
La lune éteint ses rayons;
La nuit nous prête son voile;
Fuyons! fuyons!

KADIDJA
In the starless sky
the moon extinguishes its rays;
night lends us her veil;
let us flee! Let us flee!

AHMED
Ne crains-tu pas la colère
De tes frères insolents,
Le désespoir de ton père,
De ton père aux sourcils blancs?

AHMED
Do you not fear the anger
of your insolent brothers,
the despair of your father,
your white-haired father?

KADIDJA
Que m'importent mépris, blâme,
Dangers, malédictions!
C'est en toi que vit mon âme.
Fuyons! fuyons!

KADIDJA
What do I care for scorn, rebuke,
dangers, imprecations!
My soul lives in you.
Let us flee! Let us flee!

AHMED
Le cœur me manque; je tremble,
Et, dans mon sein traversé,
De leur kandjar il me semble
Sentir le contact glacé!

AHMED
My heart fails me; I tremble,
and in my pierced heart
I seem to feel the icy
touch of their khanjars!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Anton Kirchhoff
Francesca Lauri

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La vague et la cloche (1871)
François Coppée

The wave and the bell

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant breuvage,
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le bruit
De la mer, je voguais sans fanal dans la nuit,
Morne rameu, n'ayant plus l'espoir du rivage...

L'Océan me crachait ses baves sur le front,
Et le vent me glacait d'horreur jusq'aux entrailles,
Les vagues s'écroulaient ainsi que des murailles
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence interrompt...

Puis, tout changea... la mer et sa noire mêlée
Sombrèrent... sous mes pieds s'effondra le plancher
De la barque... Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,
Chevauchant avec rage une cloche ébranlée.

J'étreignais le criarde opiniâtrement,
Convulsif et fermant dans l'effort mes paupières.
Le grondement faisait trembler les vieilles pierres,
Tant j'activais sans fin de lourd balancement.

Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit, o rêve, où Dieu nous mène?
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas s'ils ne finiraient pas,
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas
Dont est faite la vie, hélas, la vie humaine!

Once, laid low by a potent draught,
I dreamed that amid the waves and the roar
Of the sea I drifted without beacon at night,
A bleak oarsman, with no hope of reaching land...

The ocean spat its foam on my brow,
And the wind froze me through with horror,
The waves crashed down like walls about me,
With that slow rhythm a silence severs...

Then everyhting changed. The sea and its black tumult
Subsided. Beneath my feet the floow of the boat
Gave way... And I was alone in an old bell-tower,
Furiously riding a swaying bell.

I doggedly clasped the clamorous metal,
Convulsed, and closing my eyes with the effort.
The booming made the old stones tremble,
So constantly I quickened the heavy swing.

Why did you not say, O dream, where God leads us?
Why did you not say if they will ever end,
The fruitless toil and the endless strife
Of which human life, alas, is made?

Lamento (1883-?5)
Théophile Gautier

Lament

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant;

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement,
Bien doucement.

Ah! jamais plus près de la tombe
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Ecouter la pâle colombe
Chanter, sur la branche de l'if,
Son chant plaintif!

Do you know the white tomb,
where the shadow of a yew
waves plaintively?
On that yew a pale dove,
sad and solitary at sundown
sings its song;

As if the awakened soul
weeps from the grave, together
with the song,
and at the sorrow of being forgotten
murmurs its complaint
most meltingly.

Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,
when evening descends
in its black cloak,
to listen to the pale dove
on the branch of the yew
sing its plaintive song!

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

From *Vingt mélodies* Op. 21 (1873)

Chant d'amour
Alphonse de Lamartine

Love song

Viens, cherchons une ombre propice
Jusqu'à l'heure où de ce séjour
Les fleurs fermeront leur calice
Aux regards languissants du jour.
Voilà ton ciel, ô mon étoile!
Soulève, oh! soulève ce voile,
Éclaire la nuit de ces lieux;
Parle, chante, rêve, soupire,
Pourvu que mon regard attire
Un regard errant de tes yeux.

Laisse-moi parsemer de roses
La tendre mousse où tu t'assieds,
Et près du lit où tu reposes

Come, let us seek a favourable shade
until the hour when, in this abode,
the flowers will close their calyxes
to the languishing gaze of day.
This is your heaven, O my star!
Lift, ah lift this veil.
Illuminate night in this place;
speak, sing, dream, sigh,
so long as my gaze can attract
a wandering glance from your eyes.

Let me strew with roses
the tender moss where you sit
and let me recline at your feet

Laisse-moi m'asseoir à tes pieds.	near the couch where you rest.
Heureux le gazon que tu foules,	Happy the turf that you tread
Et le bouton dont tu déroules	and the bud whose fresh colours
Sous tes doigts les fraîches couleurs!	you unfold beneath your fingers!
Heureuses ces coupes vermeilles	Happy these bright red chalices
Que pressent tes lèvres, pareilles	that your lips press,
A l'abeille, amante des fleurs!	like the bee, the flowers' lover!
Souviens-toi de l'heure bénie	Recall the blissful hour
Où les dieux d'une tendre main	when the gods, with a tender hand,
Te répandirent sur ma vie	shed you upon my life,
Comme l'ombre sur le chemin.	like a shade upon a path.
Depuis cette heure fortunée,	Since that fortunate hour
Ma vie à ta vie enchaînée,	my life, chained to your life,
Qui s'écoule comme un seul jour,	which passes like a single day,
Est une coupe toujours pleine,	resembles an ever-brimming chalice
Où mes lèvres à longue haleine	from which my lips draw
Puisent l'innocence et l'amour!	long draughts of innocence and love!

Ma vie a son secret
Félix Arvers

My life has its secret

Ma vie a son secret, mon âme a son mystère.	My life has its secret, my soul its mystery,
Un amour éternel en um moment conçu:	An eternal love conceived in a moment:
Le mal est sans remède, aussi j'ai dû le taire,	Since the ill has no cure, I have had to conceal it,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.	And she, the cause, has never known it.
Ainsi j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,	Thus I shall have passed unnoticed near her,
Toujours à ses côtes, et toujours solitaire.	Ever at her side and ever alone.
Et j'aurais jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,	And I shall have spent my life on earth,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.	Daring to ask for - and receiving - nothing!
Pour elle, que le ciel a faite douce et tendre.	And she, whom heaven has made so sweet and tender,
Elle suit son chemin, distraite et sans entendre	She goes dreaming on her way, not hearing
Le murmure d'amour éléve sur ses pas.	Love's murmur stirring in her wake.

Bethan Terry
Anna Giorgi

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Vocalise-étude en forme de habanera (1907)

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Douce mer from *Vingt mélodies* Op. 21 (1873)
Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine

Calm sea

Murmure autour de ma nacelle,	Murmur around my skiff,
Douce mer dont les flots chéris,	calm sea, whose dear waves,
Ainsi qu'une amante fidèle,	like a faithful lover,
Jettent une plainte eternelle	cast an eternal plaint
Sur ces poétique débris.	on these poetic remains.
Que j'aime à flotter sur ton onde,	How I love to drift on your waters
À l'heure où du haut du rocher	at the hour when, from the high rock,
L'oranger, la vigne féconde,	the orange-tree and the fruitful vine
Versent sur ta vague profonde	cast on your deep waves
Une ombre propice au nocher!	a shadow, favourable to the boatman!
Souvent, dans ma barque sans rame,	Often, in my oarless barque,
Me confiant à ton amour,	trusting in your love
Comme pour assoupir mon âme,	as if to lull my soul,
Je ferme au branle de ta lame	I close my eyes, wearied by the day,
Mes regards fatigués du jour.	and surrender to the swing of the tide.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

L'heure exquise from *Chansons grises* (1887-90)
Paul Verlaine

The exquisite hour

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon
gleams in the woods;
from every branch
there comes a voice
beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
consolation
seems to fall
from the sky
the moon illumes...

Exquisite hour.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage (1870)
Charles Baudelaire

Invitation to journey

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux

De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

My child, my sister,
think how sweet
to journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
to love and die
in the land that is like you!
The watery suns
of those hazy skies
hold for my spirit
the same mysterious charms

as your treacherous eyes
shining through their tears.

There – nothing but order and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
– Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

See on those canals
those vessels sleeping,
vessels with a restless soul;
to satisfy
your slightest desire
they come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
clothe the fields,
canals and all the town
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light.

There – nothing but order and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Harun Tekin, Bethan Terry, Anna Giorgi

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

La fuite (1872)
Théophile Gautier

Escape

KADIDJA
Au firmament sans étoile,
La lune éteint ses rayons;
La nuit nous prête son voile;
Fuyons! fuyons!

AHMED
Ne crais-tu pas la colère,
De tes frères insolents,
Le désespoir de ton père,
De ton père aux sourcils blancs?

KADIDJA
Que m'importent mépris, blâme,
Dangers, malédictions!
C'est en toi que vit mon âme.
Fuyons! fuyons!

AHMED
Le cœur me manque; je tremble,
Et, dans mon sein traversé,
De leur kandjar il me semble
Sentir le contact glacé!

KADIDJA
In the starless sky
The moon extinguishes its ray;
Night lends us her veil;
Let us flee! Let us flee!

AHMED
Do you not fear the anger
Of your insolent brothers,
The despair of your father,
Your white-haired father?

KADIDJA
What do I care for scorn, rebuke,
Dangers, imprecations!
My soul lives in you.
Let us flee! Let us flee!

AHMED
My heart fails me; I tremble,
And in my pierced heart
I seem to feel the icy
Touch of their khanjars!

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